

THE BELL



RINGER

Montgomery Bell Academy

4001 Harding Road Nashville, TN 37205

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Cheerleaders in pre-game setup presage MBA's 38-14 obliteration of Brentwood Academy for the fifth time in six football seasons.

Revenge A Dish Best Served Cold

by CURTIS LANE
Sr. Associate Editor, Sports

It was the Clinic Bowl, the state championship game, the last game in an MBA uniform for many of our seniors, and it was against our biggest rival, who had already "beaten" us earlier in the season. Apparently, however, Brentwood Academy thought we needed a little more incentive.

"Excuses, Excuses" read a sign hanging from the raucous BA section at Vanderbilt Stadium. A few hours later, however, the BA section was eerily silent. For the second straight year, MBA had dominated BA to win the state title, this time by a score of 38-14.

Senior quarterback Michael Fisher and senior wide receiver Brad French led the way for an MBA offensive attack that piled up 513 yards and 38 points on one of the toughest defenses in the mid-state. Fisher, the game's offensive MVP, produced 339 yards of total offense (302 passing, 4 rushing, 33 receiving) and 4 touchdowns (2 rushing, 2 passing).

"Michael was on," MBA Coach Jeff Rutledge said. "They were all on."

French, who had 10 catches for 186 yards, was Fisher's favorite receiver.

"After the first little stop route, that's when I started to feel it," French said to *The Tennessean* of his receptions. "You have the feeling that you can catch everything. You can't see anyone out there. You can't hear anything."

BA took an early 7-3 lead, and then Fisher took over the game. By halftime, MBA was leading 24-7, and Fisher already had 2 rushing touchdowns, both from one yard out.

BA received the opening kickoff, and was forced to punt. From there, a solid MBA drive stalled at the BA 5 yard line, and

Bryant Hahnfeldt kicked a 22-yard field goal to give MBA a 3-0 lead.

On BA's next possession, running back Theo Townsend broke open for a 33-yard touchdown run to put them ahead 7-3. At that point, the game looked like it was going to be another hard-fought battle between rivals that would come down to the wire.

Fisher and company, however, had other plans. He promptly led MBA down the field where senior running back Michael Koban banged it in for a one-yard touchdown run. MBA went up 10-3, and didn't look back.

MBA outscored BA 21-0 in the second quarter, backed by Koban's touchdown and two one-yard touchdown runs by Fisher, as well as a defense that completely dominated BA's offense.

In the first meeting between these two teams, MBA had some difficulty stopping BA's two-headed running attack of Townsend and David Holbert. Although Townsend did have two rushing touchdowns, he never got into a rhythm, and was not nearly as destructive as he has been against other teams. Holbert, on the other hand, who looks to be at least 20 years old, was essentially shut down on a very strong defensive effort by your Big Red.

Already leading 24-7, MBA got the ball to begin the second half. Fisher led the team on a 70-yard scoring drive, capped by a 2-yard touchdown pass to junior tight end Hughes Tipton. MBA went ahead 31-7 and ended any hopes of a comeback by BA.

Townsend scored another touchdown late in the third quarter, but MBA answered quickly as Fisher connected to senior wide receiver Justin Games for a 4-yard touchdown pass.

Conley to Spearhead New Honor Society

by CHRIS GIOIA
Associate Editor

In Mid-November, senior Edwin Conley and senior class president Ben Pote jointly announced the Martin Luther King Jr. Society, intended to join the ranks of Cum Laude and Totomoi as major recognition of an individual students' long-term contributions to campus life. With its narrow focus on community service, school-based and otherwise, the King Society represents a departure from the criteria of its older organizational cousins. According to Mildred Tilley, MBA Librarian and faculty sponsor for the society, the society's constitution establishes it to honour MBA students who "strive to exhibit the ... characteristics for which Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. is best remembered," and follows an election procedure closely akin to MBA's honorary fraternity.

After completing an application detailing their service accomplishments and including a personal statement, candidates must be elected by a majority of the society and confirmed by two thirds of the faculty.

For the purposes of this year's election, applications were due December 12, and the process will be complete by the end of the first semester. Founder Conley and president Pote will serve as current members.

Though the fledgling society's constitution establishes a minimum of ten official MBA service hours for membership, it makes few demands where other recognitions demand high performance. Said Tilley, who credits English teacher Michael Kelly with the idea for the new honour, "The King Society will give those students who are not in the top 20% of the class academically a chance to be in an MBA honorary society. ... I think that establishing this society will indicate to people outside of MBA that the school strives to educate young men who will look to the legacy of MLK and try to follow in his path as a leader for the betterment of humankind."

The society will announce its new members—not more than ten juniors and ten seniors—on January 20, 2004.
Editor-in-Chief Christopher Schuller contributed to this report.

K	Kindness to others
I	Integrity
N	Never-failing hope
G	Graciousness
S	Selflessness
O	Outstanding service to community
C	Compassion
I	Independence
E	Empathy
T	Truthfulness
Y	Yearning for a just society

The King Society's statement of values is based on this anagram using its title and the late Dr. King's espoused virtues.

And so, with a 38-14 win and dominating performance over archrival Brentwood Academy, MBA ended its season 11(12)-1(0) as state champions. This victory will solidify a place in history for this team as one of, if not the best in MBA history. They dominated opponents all year, beat the #4 team in the country, and were ranked as high as #9 nationally. They outscored opponents by a combined score of 374-146, averaging just over 31 points

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THE BELL RINGER

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FROM THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Conduct Unbecoming Gentlemen

Counting down the days to the end of football season, the less desirable elements of the Class of 2004 made it nauseatingly clear to underclassmen across the Hill that they had only to complete their clinic bowl obligations before they would begin flesh-piling in earnest. Yet in the matter of Kafkas Everest, in the matter of Tommy Corts, the Discipline Committee remains unconvinced. Various sources of campus discipline have allowed this barbaric means of torture to go unchecked, perhaps wisely acknowledging that it will fade with the flickering

The demerit lists feature harsher penalties for truancy than physical violence.

attention span of most of its participants, as things on this campus tend to do. Yet the demerit lists feature harsher penalties for truancy than they do for physical violence, and there is even public dispute among the faculty where prevention of this gang torture is concerned: a shameful display for a group of adults who purport to show concern for the welfare of their charges. Any member of the faculty or staff who on his or her watch encounters the grave and hideous unacceptability of a

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

For all you college football fans out there, who have always wanted to see a TRUE, undisputed national champion, consider the following. Historically, there have been several split National Champions such as USC-Alabama in 1978, Colorado-Georgia Tech in 1990, and Michigan-Nebraska in 1997. As for 2003, it might just be *deja vu* all over again. If USC beats Michigan in the Rose Bowl, it is quite possible that USC would be ranked No. 1 in the coaches and/or AP poll. The winner of the LSU/Oklahoma game will be declared the National Champion of the Bowl Championship Series. Voila- a split national champion. How could this have ever happened? Wasn't the BCS system designed to crown an undisputed national champ? The BCS should be blamed for this. Yes, one can factor into the equation that USC had the weaker strength of schedule of all three teams, and they play in the worst of the six BCS conferences, the Pac-10. What about Oklahoma? After being blown out of their own conference championship game by 28 points to Kansas State, why should Oklahoma go to New Orleans? The best scenario would be to have the winners of the six major conferences: The SEC, Big Ten, Big Twelve, ACC, Big East, and the Pac-10, and two wild-card schools voted by the sports writers, play in an eight team playoff. This would determine the undisputed national champion of college football.

JEFFEBERLE
Class of 2007

ON BEHALF OF MONTGOMERY BELL ACADEMY,

THE BELL RINGER

MAKES THE FOLLOWING MAJOR CALENDAR ANNOUNCEMENT:

MBA's Honors Night and Commencement Ceremonies have been rescheduled as follows:

Honors Night: Saturday, May 22, 5:00pm
Commencement: Sunday, May 23, 6:30pm

Junior School Honors and Graduation
will remain on Tues., May 25.

CONGRATULATIONS

2003 Football Team - Back-to-Back State Championships! Thanks to all for a tremendous team effort, and special thanks to the parents, fans, and students for great support of the team!

Spence Patton, First place, Varsity Lincoln Douglas Debate at The Iowa Caucus Debates and First Place, Homewood High School in Birmingham. Varsity LD Debate **Alex Lamballe** and **Tripp Rebrovick**. Second Place—Homewood High. Varsity Policy Debate Semifinalists: **John Patten**, **Matt Clair**, **Charlie Sharbel**, **Nick Shockey**. Novice Lincoln Douglas Debate: **Tipper Austin**. Novice Policy Debate: **Eddie Ebbert** and **Andrew Eskind**. Extemporaneous First Place: **Jonathan Ray**. Fourth: **Jamie Berk**.

Many thanks to the **Jazz Band** for the great entertainment at our games and the wonderful concert on Sunday, November 23!

Congratulations to **Scott Pettus** (Vanderbilt University) and **Michael Fisher** (Georgia Tech) for signing baseball scholarships!

2003 AP National Scholars: **Chris Emfinger**, **Mark Fritz**, **Andrew Bouchard**, and **Ben Newman**. These 4 MBA scholars received at least a 4 on 8 or more AP Examinations during their high school years. Last year only 20 students in Tennessee attained this level of achievement.

SNOW POLICY

MBA will place announcements of delayed openings and cancellations as follows:

on the school phones 298-5514 (Main Office), 369-5380 (JS Office), 298-1691 (VM); on the website <http://www.montgomerybell.com>

on TV stations WKRN (TV 2), WSMV (TV 4), WTVF (TV 5)

on AM stations WSM (650AM), WLAC (1510AM)

on FM stations WPLN (90.3), WSM (95.5), WSIX (97.9), WTN (99.7), WKDF (103.3), WGFX (104.5)

flesh pile ought to come down swiftly in defence of its victim and in severe punishment of the offenders -- no matter how many there are. They should furthermore be free to do so without the puerile interference of their less-evolved colleagues.

I do not accept any of the hastily uttered defences of this practice. Even with a "willing" victim, such brute physical attack has no place upon MBA's quadrangles, and no place among the activities for which a conscientious Administration's penalty is a wrist-slap--or worse, tacit permission. Anyone who throws himself into a fleshpile should be treated as if he had walked up and punched the pile's victim in the gut. The intent is the same, the act as dangerous--if not more so. MBA should at the very least re-balance the demerit system so that it awards seven for brutality and five for skipping class, or it could carry out a just reform: drag the offenders--each and every one--from the lawn, kicking and screaming, straight into the Discipline Committee.

We must as prudent self-examiners ask the question: do we pay more than lip service to "Gentleman, Scholar, Athlete"? It seems clear to me that when a student is in the crosshairs of a mob for his religion or the rumour mill's perception of his sexual orientation, we have hollowed out our school's ideal, reversed it, and expunged the "Gentleman" bit. Will we reform this campus, or will we extol the present idiocy running rampant across its fields? If we stubbornly refuse to alter the status quo, whom should I contact about altering the literature? Where will we carve "Barbarian" in stone? CHRISTOPHER P. SCHULLER

MBA, Schullers Take Over The World, MUS

by BROCK BAKER
Staff Writer

MBA Model United Nations specialists traveled to the downtown Hilton the weekend of November 14-16 to showcase our eloquent oratorical prowess. After many vetoes in the Security Council, many grueling hours in the General Assembly, many adjudications in the ICJ, and not a few under-the-table dealings between the Gambia and other nations, the dust cleared and MBA emerged victorious.

The weekend started with all of us wandering down to the Hilton on Friday morning after first period. Having nothing to do until noon, we proceeded to wander around downtown in search of food. Returning to the Hilton, we found our advisor, mentor, and second father, Christopher P. Schuller, who supplied us with the information book and name tag so very vital to our success at the conference. Inspired by our companions' determination,

At Model U.N., MBA Dominated Awards, Elections Alike

we steeled ourselves for a grueling weekend's organized chaos.

It did not take long for MBA's delegates to find themselves in the heat of the action during Friday afternoon's committee meetings. It was in these meetings that the majority of MBA's proud warriors made their final stand in defense of their resolutions. Alas, due to rampant sectionalism and school-lines voting by MUS and their evil Hutchison allies, all three of MBA's resolutions were defeated, though by very narrow margins. Representing the United States, Jonathan Ray, Tripp Rebrovick, and Pete Burgess hoped to pass a resolution enforcing the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty. They weathered a series of misleading and misguided questions from an ill-informed Iraqi delegate who at one point claimed that "Iran and Iraq are the only countries to possess nuclear weapons anyway", and because of this inept delegate's aspersions, the U.S. suffered a narrow defeat in a most unjust manner. Likewise, the Gambia's attempt to better their economy by acquiring weapons of mass destruction from the UN so as to have the U.S. invade and spend \$87 billion in aid failed by an excruciatingly close vote of 16 to 17. This defeat however did not stop delegates Shaun McFall and David Eskind from pushing their agenda through shady dealings with more powerful countries. Sadly, St. Kitts and Nevis, represented by Arthur Kim and Neal Idrani, also failed in its attempt to legalize the international drug trade, though the delegation's efforts did succeed in bringing a much-needed air of levity to the conference and in so doing sufficiently riled the far too many people who are way too serious about the whole thing. There is a silver lining to every cloud, though, and these defeats opened the door for MBA's delegates, led by the overly-

magniloquent Jonathan Ray, to deliver excoriating condemnations of other countries' resolutions without fear of retribution during Saturday's General Assembly session.

Meanwhile, during the relative boredom of General Assembly, MBA's finest participated in other Model UN arenas. Brock Baker represented the United States on the Security Council, where he scored victory after victory, wielding his veto often and in general serving to further U.S. domination of the United Nations and the world. William and James Schuller served in the press corps, contributing to the conference paper. In the International Court of Justice, Christopher Schuller presided as chief justice. In yet another victory for MBA, Pete Burgess and Tripp Rebrovick successfully defended the United States in front of the ICJ in a case brought against them by Iran. Pete and Tripp knew they faced a formidable challenge, for in the actual case that was adjudicated by the ICJ several years ago, the U.S. lost by decision of 14 to 2. Nonetheless, employing superior oratorical skills and debaterish logic, Pete and Tripp pulled off a stunning unanimous victory. Pete Burgess best expressed the magnitude of the victory when he quipped, "We convinced them of something that just isn't true."

All good things must come to an end, and so Model UN at last drew to a close Sunday morning. It was in this final awards session that MBA scored its largest victory. Easily the school with the least number of students at the conference, MBA garnered as many if not more awards than any other school in attendance. The delegation from the United States scored a shut-out, with all four members of the delegation receiving recognition: Jonathan Ray won outstanding General Assembly delegate for the second year running and was elected to General



Assembly vice-president, Tripp Rebrovick and Pete Burgess both received outstanding applicant in the ICJ awards, and Brock Baker received the award for outstanding Security Council resolution. Also, the Schuller family scored a hat-trick, with Christopher once again winning outstanding ICJ justice, Michael winning outstanding press corps member (also the second year for the family to have captured that award, won by brother James in 2002), and William being elected to the position of assistant press editor.

Mr. David Whitfield
whitfid@fc.montgomerybell.com
is the Model UN advisor.

BRIEFLY

MBA To Develop Facility in West Nashville

As some of you may know, MBA has recently acquired a significant amount of property located across West End from the school in an area called Sylvan Park. The purchase goes along with the attempts to buy out the Brighton properties in MBA's expansion plan. The new acquisitions will provide adequate space for the new 7,000 sq ft. demerit hall MBA has in the works, along with an indoor Ultimate Frisbee practice facility. Ha-Ha! No, the properties will be used for athletic purposes, hopefully giving some relief to our sports teams who have perennially had to share time on the field and sometimes move to other locations for practice, like baseball or JV lacrosse. After talking with Mr. Tillman about the property, I found that it is 8.5 acres, will include three athletic fields, parking, concessions, locker rooms, and possibly some storage space. The area will be available to the community of Sylvan Park as well. The new property looks like it should give MBA a range of new athletic options which will enhance everyone's sports experience. - TAYLOR GOULD

WILL DELOACHE



Though not much to look at in its present state, the school has big plans for this site on 42nd Ave. North in the Sylvan Park neighborhood of west Nashville.

Shot of the Issue | Mr. Jamie Tillman



Seniors Michael Fisher (L.) and Scott Pettus (R.) during the ceremonial contract signing in Assembly last month. The two are headed to Georgia Tech and Vanderbilt, respectively.

Mr. Jaime Tillman, Director of the High School, photographs campus life and special school events. His digital photographs are available at no cost through the MBA website at <http://www.montgomerybell.com/~tillmaj/albums.html>.

Unless attributed otherwise, all pictures in *The Bell Ringer* featuring MBA students and cheerleaders are the work of Mr. Tillman.

THE BELL RINGER welcomes interested staff photographers.

Direct enquiries to
Editor-in-Chief Christopher Schuller (schullc@fc.montgomerybell.com)
Associate Editor for Photography Will Deloache (deloacw@fc.montgomerybell.com)

After-School Activities Show Variety of Interests

by HUNTERBRANSTETTER
Associate Editor, Features

September through May, Monday through Friday, from 8:00 to 3:10, MBA students are all doing the same things. True, our curriculum offers us a range of topics and a variety of difficulty levels from which to choose, and our course loads dictate the number of precious study halls we are allowed. Some of us have lunch as early as 11:00 while others' rumbling stomachs must wait one hundred additional minutes to dine, but we are all on the same campus with the same faculty supervision participating in the same activities until mid-afternoon. Once school is out, however, we students are free to do as we please, and it is during this time that the true personality of each MBA student is revealed. As the students of MBA have many and varied interests, our activities after school are equally assorted.

It goes without saying that fulfilling the "athlete" aspect of our motto is the mission of many of us after school. Until just a few weeks ago, our football players were training assiduously to once again destroy BA in the Clinic Bowl. Likewise, the MBA rifle team shanghais Frist Hall for their disciplined practices every afternoon, while the cross country runners logged more miles this fall than most people would consider rational. Similarly, the devoted ranks of FAST and Weights and Running are out weighting, running, and generally improving their fitness each Monday through Thursday. Suffice it to say that our basketball players and wrestlers are just embarking on their after school odyssey of rigorous practices, games, and matches. Some athletic endeavors, though no less meaningful, involve much less consistent schedules. The hockey team's game schedule is especially erratic, with its face off times ranging anywhere from 3:15 to 10:00, even

on school nights; as one star of the hockey team said, "The hockey game schedule is crazy. Those 10:00 pm Friday games kill me." Those of us fortunate enough to be one of Kingpin Carr's "nationally ranked" Rollers experience a practice schedule described by a team member as "pretty sporadic...when we do have practice, we bowl a few games, and then eat a lot of fried food...we are supposed to practice every Monday through Thursday we don't have a game, but 50% of the time our practices get canceled." Would that we could all meet with such success in competition following so little after school practice.

On the other hand, the debate team's national success can be directly attributed to its members' industrious work, every day after school: reading through gigantic books, printing off hundreds of documents, and discussing intricacies of world politics that most of us cannot fathom. MBA's talented thespians and technicians also dedicate countless hours (which perhaps pass more quickly due to the presence of the fairer sex) rehearsing the outstanding performances to which we have grown accustomed. Despite all of these time consuming commitments after school, students also manage to become involved in other activities such as the bi-weekly mock trial practice or the Friday afternoon chamber orchestra rehearsals. Additionally, many of our students give back to the community on weekday afternoons through projects such as Time to Rise and Preston Taylor Homes.

In order to provide additional insight into the diversity of our after school schedules, I polled members of the Junior Class. Based on the assumption that by junior year, most students have determined their interests and aptitudes and have chosen ways to spend their discretionary time accordingly, I asked 20 juniors to describe their typical weekday afternoons.



MBA Bowling: It Shouldn't Be So Easy to Be So Good. See article on p. 9.

Though a few of those polled responded with information that was not very instructive such as "I go to my after school activity and then I go make the world a better place," most participants provided an interesting glimpse into their own unique experiences. The most common element in the afternoons described was "working out," with almost every student echoing the following: "I stroll to the gym, change, and go run somewhere...then some days after running I go to the weight room and work out." On the other hand, a few juniors described less dedication to fitness and a greater appreciation for more subtle, less strenuous pleasures. One such student said, "Before I had weights and running, I would go home, watch TV for two hours and sometimes fall asleep, get up, eat some dinner, talk on AIM for a bit, get to homework around nine, and then go to sleep at twelve." Other more active juniors cram so many activities into their

afternoons and evenings that it boggles the mind. On Thursdays, one such wonder child practices Ultimate Frisbee, eats at Taco Bell (apparently a scheduled activity), attends Mock Trial, then takes a music lesson before heading home. This sort of routine may require students to schedule a little shut-eye as well. After attending "ultimate/play practice/mock trial" one student "may take a good ole nap" before hitting the books.

It is a wonder that most of us are able to endure what one student described as "the four-hour homework gauntlet" after undertaking so many after school endeavors. Following an afternoon's extracurricular activities with the awe-inspiring quantity of homework often assigned to us takes effort, time management skills, brainpower, and, on some nights, a good deal of caffeine. Apparently, that doesn't halt the afternoon pursuit of passion so prevalent at MBA.

Faculty Mainstays offer 151 Years of Experience

by JEFFREY ZAGER
Staff Writer

Today, boys and girls, we are going to take a tour of the MBA Museum of Ancient History, specifically the Faculty Wing. Here, the centerpiece of the exhibit is none other than Dr. Harold Crowell. This Mona Lisa of the Faculty Wing is world renowned for his teaching reign, which began long before the

**Floyd Elliott, *dinosauris*
educatori coachi footballi et
Bill Compton, *straightus outtae*
comptoni comment on teaching
for so long.**

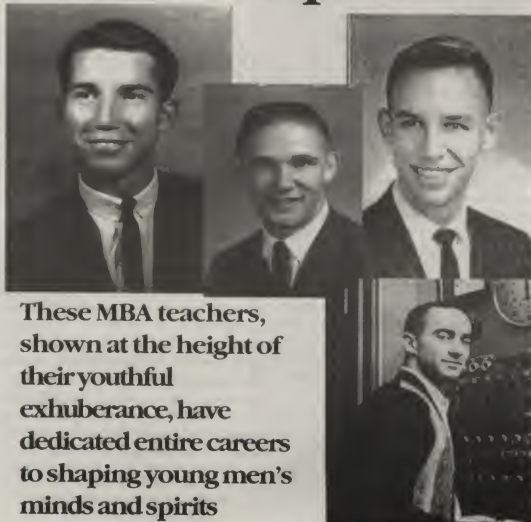
invention of such modern conveniences as electricity, indoor plumbing, and even the wheel. However, today we are going to focus on some of the other artifacts.

First off is Floyd Elliott (*Dinosauris Educatoris-Coachus Footballis*), who has been teaching for 27 years (23 at MBA) and loves every minute of it. Next, there is Bill Compton (*Straitus Ex Comptonis*), who has been teaching for 36 years and holds firm to the philosophy: "No matter how well you

teach a topic, never underestimate how little a student knows". Remarkably, Mr. Compton has managed to undergo no physical changes whatsoever since his first day at MBA. Then there is Beatie O'Connell (*Administorus bonbon*), who has been teaching for 27 years and can often be seen playing tennis with her husband. Dr. Ed Gaffney (*Magister Vetus*) has been teaching for 28 years and enjoys playing bridge. Finally, there is Andy Gaither (*Magister Linguae Latinae, Eruditus et Luculentus*), who has been teaching for 33 years and loves to work in his yard and fix up his house.

Together, these five horsemen of academia have been teaching for a mind-boggling 151 years. That's enough time to fight the Revolutionary War, Civil War, War of 1812, World War I, World War II, Korean War, and Vietnam War four times. It's also only one year shy of being able to see Halley's Comet twice. This concludes today's tour of the MBA Museum of Ancient History. Don't forget to stop by the gift shop on your way out and enjoy your day.

THE BELL RINGER
bellringer@fc.montgomerybell.com



These MBA teachers, shown at the height of their youthful exuberance, have dedicated entire careers to shaping young men's minds and spirits

COGNITO ERGO VROOM

Car of the Month honors the Blue Goose

by TAYLOR SHOPE
Staff Writer

This month's car of the month has been voted on, counted, and at Mr. Albert Gore's request, recounted several times (all the while fabricating votes). The courts have decreed that the counting and fabricating must stop. The final and hopefully most accurate count says that the 12-year-old 1991 GM Suburban, the "Blue Goose", owned by Richard Jacques, is the official winner. The car can be found in the senior parking lot during the day, and at Mr. Jacques's house late at night. A few notes about the car:

The Blue Goose was given her name during Richard's freshman year at Christ Presbyterian Academy. The name was envisioned by a friend of his named Fred Beesley. There are no previous owners before Richard, and the Goose was specifically ordered with the blue and white colors so that the Goose would be the only Suburban on the road that looked anything like the Goose. Jacques says that there are no "wrecks" on his record, but that he has

hit several cars and other objects (moving and otherwise) that have not been accounted for. He does, however, wish for this to be kept from the cops if at all possible, because he really doesn't like high insurance rates. The only ticket that the Goose has ever gotten was around Thanksgiving 2002. The cop who pulled Richard over informed Richard that you are required to stop for a full 3 seconds at a stop sign in the state of Tennessee. I have never heard of that until now, but I don't think cops are supposed to make up the laws as they go along. Jacques wishes for me to include a small note about the Goose which he and I find hilarious. Her wiper fluid, rather than squirting on to the windshield, actually discharges in a projectile motion forwards. This creates great entertainment value for squirting other unsuspecting motorists, and the occasional pedestrian. The Goose is also known for being the "Ultimate Love Machine" because there are several bench seats that make up the back 3 rows. If anybody wants absolutely full details about the attractive power that the Goose holds, then simply ask Juke Lawrence about his experience after Winter Formal his sophomore year.



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Messengers of Beckoning: Part 2

The Bell Ringer's fiction serial continues

by CHRISTOPHER PICKENS
Staff Writer

In Part 1, we join youth Milo Darian as he makes his way to the park after a trying day of high school. On his favorite bench, he sees a man; a man waiting for him.

Milo hesitated for a moment. It was not quite fear, not exactly suspicion that stopped him. It was more a sense of unease, like the rumble of distant thunder on a still summer's day. Although he could not describe it, something in the air around this man was different somehow. Even more disconcerting to Milo as he stood rooted, eyes transfixed on the stranger, was the chill that he felt ripple down his back simply from the presence of the man. Milo's heart beat.

Reality streamed back to him as he stood, awkwardly trying to back away and approach the bench at the same time. The stranger had not moved, but continued to look at him, his gaze never wavering. Milo deliberated a second, then without a word, sat down on the bench, as far from the man as he could get without falling over the armrest.

In silence, the two stared into the calm, shifting leaves overhead. The branches, covered in billowing fires of foliage, rattled together in a collage of myriad colors. Some leaves left the branches to gather with their sodden comrades, wet from the night's rain. With every fallen leaf, the noisy, infernal jungle of buildings became more apparent. It was then that the man beside Milo shifted with a sigh.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" asked the stranger in a soft, moderated voice. Milo could do nothing but nod.

"A real place to examine the soul, am I right?" The words of the man baffled Milo; his eloquence was matched only by his simplicity. Each syllable seemed to be spilled from some ancient warrior, gazing forlornly over an empty battlefield.

"Yep," said Milo. His own voice sounded clumsy and fragile.

The man was silent for a moment. Despite his unease, Milo turned slowly to examine the stranger for the first time. His hair was disheveled, his thin face dirty, his palms covered in white calluses, his dark leather coat that looked like it belonged in a Western. But he looked dignified, aloof, almost as if he knew something no one else did and liked it. Milo was amazed that this superiority did not influence his words. His eyes were still covered in those odd

sunglasses so Milo could not see his eyes, but Milo felt he had already looked the man in the eye, like they had been sitting on that rusty park bench for a year.

"I suppose," murmured the stranger, "that this sort of place could come in useful for one such as yourself." Milo turned back to the leaves.

"Yes, a good place to sit, pondering your worth, questioning your life." The stranger gave a small nod. "Perhaps even wondering how best to end it?" The man didn't look like he expected an answer, but rather like one who was commenting on the weather. Milo said nothing.

"I believe you have sat here alone many a day...and night alone, thinking these very thoughts because you don't see what good you are doing anyone. And most importantly," the man turned to him at last, glasses glinting in the shifting sunlight, "you want to escape. Why, you don't know, but it is there. It has not been there for long, but now it rages in you." The man stopped, examining Milo without emotion. "What do you say to that?"

Milo stared into the leaves above. "Dark have been my dreams of late," he quoted.

The man smiled a small smile. "No one but Mr. Tolkein could have said it better, or more to the point; it is good to see you read. I know what it is you have seen, and I can help you. All you need do is to trust and follow. It will do you more good than you can appreciate."

"What does this mean for me?" Milo asked. He felt a little dizzy, as if his mind was adjusting, building itself up for something.

The stranger stood, his coat rustling the leaves on the pavement. He looked archaic and wise, full of his own memories and confidence. "It means that for you, change has come. I...cannot tell you how you can grasp your future, only that I can offer you something to grasp." He took hold of the staff. "But you must leave. Now, with me, and pray that your questions will be answered, for I have no time to spare. If you will not come, I must find another. Decide," he finished as he turned to walk away.

Everything pressed in on Milo. His father's face, his mother's face, his house, the basketball courts behind the gym, the steaming manhole covers, the crowded hall of school, Mrs. Stephano, the girl in detention, his books in his room, Mike's Pizza, T.J., the scurrying leaves before him, so eager to escape, yet doomed all the same.

Then, Milo's heart beat once, and doubt vanished from his thoughts.

The man had only taken one step when Milo said desperately, "Can I ever come back?"

The stranger smiled kindly over his shoulder. "That," he said, "is for you to decide, Milo Darian."

Milo stood up and slung his bag over his trembling shoulders. "Do I get your name now, or what?"

The man stopped and stared at his hands for a time. "Call me Baal, it will serve our purpose," he finally said. "Let us go." "Where?"

He looked archaic and wise, full of his own memories and confidence.

Baal strode towards the entrance of the park. "We have to leave this city, get out of the urban death trap. There is a small place one hundred miles east of this city; it is there that you will find your purpose." They had reached the edge of the park, covered in the shadows of the skyscrapers. Baal turned to Milo and placed a calloused hand on his shoulder.

"This is it. The End. From out of this life you will face many challenges that you had not even dreamed possible. Some of your dreams will be not only possible, but probable. I can only tell you a little as we go on our journey, so you must trust me with whatever I say."

Milo took a deep breath and nodded again.

Baal smiled. "Good, then let us go. We have a train to catch." Without another word, he set off down the battered street. Milo frowned as he trotted behind Baal's long strides. "A train?"

"Fast, but hard to trace passengers. A perfect mode of transport for our purposes."

Milo stopped in his tracks. In front of him, Baal did the same, turning to face him, his face shrouded in the city's shadow. The sun had receded behind the sparkling spikes, and an anxious moon awaited its chance to shine across the night sky. "We...we aren't by ourselves in this whole thing, are we?"

Baal shrugged and looked Milo in the eyes. "Every positive has a negative, every yin a yang. Let us hope," he added grimly, "that in this case the two do not meet. It could be rather...vexing to both parties." He gave his staff a little twirl and started to walk again. "But do stay close," he called nonchalantly over his shoulder. "I don't know when they might approach us, and believe me, you want me around when that happens. Come, Milo, destiny awaits."

Milo looked into the sky, but could not see the moon. Terror had gripped him.

**Questions?
Comments? Letters?
Opinions?
E-mail us!**

bellringer@fc.montgomerybell.com



Calendar: '03 / '04 A SURVEY OF THE NEXT TWO MONTHS

DECEMBER 19
V Wrestling at McCallie (2:00pm)
School Closes (3:10pm)
V Basketball in Memphis (6:00pm)

DECEMBER 20
V Wrestling at McCallie (10:00am)
V Basketball in Bartlett (4:00pm)

DECEMBER 28
Titans Parking (9:00am)

DECEMBER 29
Big Red Mini Camp (1:30pm)

DECEMBER 30
V Wrestling at Kenwood (9:00am)
Big Red Mini Camp (1:30pm)

JANUARY 2
Southern Bell Forum (6:00pm)

JANUARY 3
Southern Bell Forum

JANUARY 4
Southern Bell Forum

JANUARY 5
School Opens (8:00am)

JANUARY 8 - HALF DAY
Semester Ends (12:00pm)

JANUARY 9
Mathematics Examinations (8:00am)

JANUARY 12
English Examinations (8:00am)

JANUARY 13
Foreign Language Examinations (8:00am)

JANUARY 14
Fine Arts Examinations (8:00am)

JANUARY 15
History Examinations (8:00am)

JANUARY 16
Science Examinations (8:00am)

JANUARY 19
Martin Luther King Jr. - School Closed

JANUARY 20
Second Semester Begins (8:00am)

JANUARY 24
S.A.T. I/II

JANUARY 26
College Night for Juniors
and Parents (7:00pm)

QUESTIONS FOR BUZZ BISSINGER

The Bleeping Truth

by CHRISTOPHER P. SCHULLER
Editor-in-Chief

MBA's December 8 assembly treated students and faculty to perspectives (and four-letter words) that none anticipated ever hearing from behind the headmaster's podium. Far from heaping the usual praise on the institution of football or sports in general, H.G. Bissinger, graduate of Andover, Pulitzer Prize winner, journalist, novelist, and puller of no linguistic punches, treated the success-gorged crowd before him to a skewering of some of football's bleaker consequences. He has a baseball novel underway, and a lot to say about journalism and high-school newspapers.

You won the Pulitzer for your work at the Philadelphia Inquirer. Why that paper above others? Because in the late 1970s, when I began, the *Inquirer* was really the paper to work at, more so than the *New York Times* or the *Washington Post*; it had an excellent reputation for long stories, editorial genius, and the kind of investigative journalism that made it the paper I really wanted to work at.

While you were at the Inquirer, did you feel any of the media bias that's so talked about today? Did you ever come under pressure from the higher-ups to slant something one way or the other? No.

What did you cover for the Inquirer? It began as some rather mundane stuff: I started out covering Atlantic City, the gambling. From there, my first major investigative piece was a story about a jail fire that killed 7 men and the causes, who was responsible, et cetera.

Does modern journalism play a critical role in society? Journalism used to be about the public's right to know. Now, it has more to do with the bottom line, just like any other business or industry. Chain control of newspapers has caused a lot of lousiness - even your own *Nashville Tennessean* is an example of a great paper that was turned to [crap] by the transition from news source to business. It's happening all over; it happened to the *Inquirer*. Today, the kind of investigation journalism that the newspaper was such an important source of is in books, like [Eric Schlosser's] *Fast Food Nation*... you would never see that in a newspaper anymore.

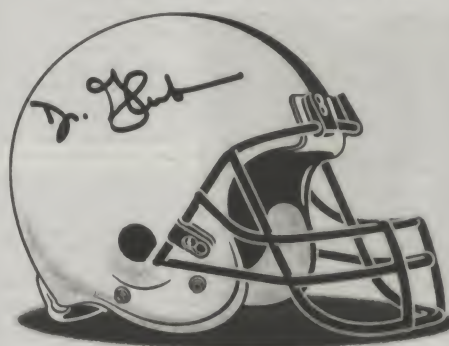
So what's the role of high-school journalists? At boarding school, the newspaper, which was a weekly back then, was really my only outlet: I wasn't a zero, but I didn't play sports and it provided a way for me to make a name for myself within the school. It really was life-changing.

You went to an elite single-sex private school, and then made it in the real world. Any advance warnings? Cautions? Are we in for a shock? Not really. For me, getting out was expanding my horizons, but there's no problem as long as you remember that people are different from you, and they think differently. Life doesn't really care that you came from privilege.



Mr. Greg Ferrell, new MBA recruit and IPS teacher extraordinaire comes from a modest Ashland City background and thoroughly enjoys JIF peanut butter. The science department was always full of the choosy type...

TAKE it STRAIGHT to THE END ZONE



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THIS MONTH'S NEW TEACHER FEATURE

Mr. Greg Ferrell

by PETE "DOUBLE-O-BELL RINGER"
BURGESS
Staff Writer

Where are you from? I'm originally from Ashland City between Nashville and Clarksville, about 30 minutes from MBA.

Did you go to MBA or a school like MBA? No, Cheatham County High, which is a public school.

What was your Junior High/High School experience like? It was great. At the time it was a medium sized school. Co-ed of course. There was not a big Science department but great History and English. I went hunting and fishing. They were kind of my hobbies then. I'd go after school.

Why do you teach? My mother was a teacher and a principal, and my grandmother was a teacher. So we have a long history of teaching in my family and before I started teaching I did some substituting and really enjoyed it.

Do you coach a sport? Yes, I do. When I first started teaching in 1985 at BGA (oh well at least he saw the light), I started coaching track and field. I knew nothing about coaching it and every first period I would call Robert Hindeman at Ensworth and pick his brain about what to do for track and field that day. He taught me everything I know about it.

Did you play sports in high school? Actually, no, I played baseball up through

Babe Ruth league but not into high school. I was outdoors a lot though. After school almost every single day I'd go out on the lake with my friends.

Where did you go to college? I got my B.S. at Austin Peay in Clarksville in biology and chemistry. At Vanderbilt I got my masters in biology. I was actually in school with Mr. Chenery.

What event or experience sticks out in your mind the most or defines who you are today? Well, there are a couple of things. The birth of my children's a big, big one. As far as professionally, in about my third year of teaching, a student told me how much he had learned and how much he appreciated it. I think every teacher wonders at first, "Is this what I want to do for the rest of my life," and that's when I knew it was.

What brand of Peanut Butter do you prefer? I'd have to go with JIF...yep, definitely.

How do you like MBA so far? Oh, I'm loving it. Being at BGA for so many years, I already had some friends here. I knew Mr. Chenery, Mr. Pruitt and Mr. Gaither. I've really enjoyed being a part of it.

Is there anything you would like to say to the MBA community? Hm. Nothing other than just keep on doing what you're doing but remember to enjoy it. I know stopping to smell the roses is so cliché but it says a lot. Enjoy your time here and your friends.

Strike Three: *Matrix Revolutions* A Dead Ball

by BROCK BAKER
Staff Writer

Having greatly enjoyed its two predecessors, it was with eager anticipation that I awaited the release of the final installment of *The Matrix* trilogy. I was looking forward to an excellent conclusion that carried on with the success of both

disappointment, and not a few yawns along the way, however, that I left the theater some two hours later.

One of the biggest draws of *The Matrix* was its novelty and originality in the seemingly jaded theme of 'machines-in-the-future-try-to-wipe-out-humankind.' The creative twist of 'the matrix', the idea that we are living a fake life in a giant computer simulation, captured the imagination of movie-goers and fuels the plot twists and unanswered questions that constantly leave one wondering and guessing at the significance of just what is going on. The first movie did an excellent job of this, as one was left wondering about the Oracle, the Agents, and 'is Neo really the One?' during, and to a large degree, after the movie. *Reloaded* also did a good job of constantly leaving one guessing and wondering, providing just enough tantalizing information to raise only more questions at whose answers one could only speculate. In this respect *Revolutions* drops the ball. All of these interesting questions and plot twists in both the first and

the matrix that makes the movies so interesting and original. There were some interesting plot twists, such as the significance of the train station (limbo, perhaps?) and the Hell night club (this one's pretty straightforward), but in general I found myself almost bored for the large part

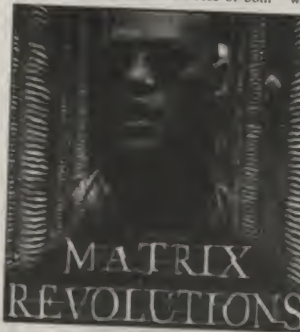
of the movie that was not spent in the matrix. When it loses the "wow, that's intriguing" feel that the scenes from within the matrix provide, *Revolutions* becomes hardly more than any other sci-fi movie with religious and spiritual undertones.

Intriguing plot aside, one thing that makes *The Matrix* so enjoyable is its fast-paced, high-adrenaline fight scenes within the matrix itself. Once again the inordinate amount of time spent outside the matrix makes *Revolutions* too much like any other action/sci-fi flick. The Zion battle scene simply does not compare to the highway chase scene in *Reloaded* or the whole sequence of action in the last twenty

minutes of *The Matrix*. The Wachowski brothers would have been better advised to have spent the majority of the movie with Morpheus, Trinity, and Neo mixing it up in the matrix rather than a host of little-known characters (and actors, for that matter) playing a large role for much of the movie.

The original *Star Wars* movies are remembered not solely on merit of the individual movies, but largely on the success of the trilogy that they form. When viewed as a whole the trilogy is greater than the sum of its parts. *The Lord of the Rings*

trilogy, I am sure, is destined for a similar fate. I believe, though, that *The Matrix* movies will not be remembered for their success as a great trilogy, but rather as a great movie, *The Matrix*, that also happened to have a couple of decent sequels that followed.



The Matrix and *The Matrix: Reloaded*, much as *Return of the Jedi* provided a satisfying end to the greatest science-fiction trilogy of all time. It was with

second movies come from the parts of the movie spent in the matrix itself. *Revolutions* simply spends too much time outside the matrix, when it is the mystery surrounding



Sophomore wrestlers Ben Bellet (L) and Nathan Deutsch (R) sporting this winter's latest Spandex designs



MBA's very own Msrs. Football, Michael Fisher (L) and Tom Santi (R)



Shillinglaw records intently as Bradley beams a smile worthy of Michael Jackson



Mr. Tillman and Mr. Caudill join Fisher and Santi, now totally dazed by camera flashes



Tyler Augusty, Cole Bourland, and Wesley Hughes, blissfully unaware of the camera.

Clinic Bowl

Continued from p.1

per game while only giving up around 12 points per game.

Fisher should win Mr. Football, and Koban should have been nominated, as he would have given Fisher more competition than any of the other nominees. The seniors on this team are an incredible group; Michael Fisher, Brad French, Michael Koban, Tom Santi, Scott Pettus, Matthew Jacques, Charlie Morgan, Clay Haury, Lee Noel, Lewis Dawson, Justin Games, Benson Sloan, Matthew Barnes, Sam MacDonald, Jono Gluck, Chandler Tygard, David Harper, Jeff Ewers, Richard Jacques, Andrew Mills, John Parker, and last but certainly not least, Matthew Eaves.

Finally, Coach Jeff Rutledge deserves more credit than he is given for the success of this team. He took over the coaching job before last season with a team that was not expected to do too well. After struggling early, he took that team to the Clinic Bowl and upset BA. This year, our team had high expectations, along with which comes lots of pressure. He kept that pressure from getting to the team; he kept the team strong through adversity and fought back from a bitter "defeat" at the end of the season, and he accomplished the ultimate goal: a state championship.

Commentary: The 2003 Season

Coaches and Players Respond to the end of Varsity Football 2003

This year was a very exciting one for MBA Football. Our team did a phenomenal job of staying disciplined and focused. Since the current seniors began at MBA, there has only been 1 year that MBA has not won the State Championship. As defending State Champions, it would have been especially easy for the players to take their success for granted. By refusing to do so, they solidified themselves as one of the best teams ever in the storied history of MBA Football. — Mr. ROBERT SAWYER

I can say that without a doubt that the 2003 Clinic Bowl is the most completely perfect game that I have been a part of. In coaching the wide receivers, each receiver made a big catch with French leading the way to more than 300 yards in total receiving yards for the game—what a night's work! The win sums up this team in my mind. Not unlike the Trinity game to begin the year with supposed pressure and national spotlight, our boys played their best making big plays on both sides of the ball and in the special teams. I truly believe that this team could play with any high school team in the country. They are a special group, and I am very proud and thankful that I am at MBA and able to be a part of it. — Mr. ROBERT BLACK

A great finish to a special season! — Mr. JEFF RUTLEDGE

Being new to MBA, I was amazed and grateful to be a part of the winning tradition here. I enjoyed learning under the other coaches and getting to know the players. What a great way to end my first season at MBA. — Mr. MICAH MILLER

This group of seniors cemented their position within the tradition of MBA football. With such memorable games as Trinity, Southaven, and the Clinic Bowl win over Brentwood Academy, this year's seniors will be remembered forever. We will miss them next year as they leave a high standard for others senior classes to reach for. — Mr. TODD MORAN

One of the most impressive things about this football team is how it prepared each week for its next opponent. It was gratifying to watch these young men work toward a common goal and achieve it as well. The Clinic Bowl win was one of the most impressive performances by a MBA team that I have ever seen. — Mr. FLOYD ELLIOTT

The 2003 Big Red Football team will always be remembered for a championship season... I will remember them as a fine group of young men who care deeply for each other and who were willing to work together extremely hard to accomplish a goal. — Mr. EDD CAUDILL

The sweetest thing about looking back on the season is that we created friendships and memories that will last a life time. — JAY PILKERTON

I will always remember seeing the deep disappointment and heartache in the eyes of our boys after the BA Halloween game. We had come so far during the season, and all the guys so wanted that undefeated, "top 10 in the country" notoriety. Walking across the field toward the bus, I saw Paul Clements. His only comment was a positive, "MBA just won the state championship!" We are blessed that dream for '03 came true. — Mr. DAVID BROWN

SWIMMING SEASON UPDATE:

In the fall, while some students were doing their fall sports, members on the swim team were getting ready for a great season of swimming by participating in meets throughout the state while improving our times.

This year we have a whopping 13 people on the swim team, under the coaching staff of Mr. Carter, Mr. Kane, and Mrs. Villavincencio. The captains of the

swim team are Paul Crook and Van Diehl. We have done well so far, beating archrival Father Ryan.

The majority of our meets are held at Tennessee State University. The swim team has two more dual meets left to swim then we will swim in the regional, then the state. If you would like to come and see water catch fire, come to one of our swim meets.

— JACK HUDSON



The scene on the field following MBA's crushing destruction of Brentwood Academy



Jake Lawrence sacrificed his sanity for the good of the Big Red's championship intentions.



Mr. Thomas Wims brings the gymnasium crashing down as he launches into some uncanny dance routine



Coach Rutledge and MVP Fisher pose with the golden football



Patrick Linehan and Richard Jacques: "Wouldn't it!" (or) Cue CPA Voice: "Goin' to college there!"

WRESTLING SEASON UPDATE:

MBA 2003-2004 wrestling team is determined to carry on the tradition of Big Red wrestling. Despite the departures of a very successful senior class, the Big Red still has its sights set on the program's first-ever state crown. With Division II powerhouses Ryan, McCallie, and Baylor all rebuilding from their previous graduating classes, the Big Red should match up evenly come state championship time. Seniors William Simpson, James Dade, Matt Francis, and Taylor Tate (all previous medal winners) will be called upon to direct a young Big Red team. Solid in the lower

weights, they must find a way to fill the shoes of last year's "Fat Four". Junior Brents Herron seemed excited about the upcoming season when he said, "Well, we lost a lot in the upper weights but our lower weights are good enough to take us all the way." Tournaments at Harrison, Ohio, McCallie, and Father Ryan should prove to be tough tests for an inexperienced Big Red team, and MBA's senior leadership should be a huge factor come February when the Big Red seeks its first state title.

— CURTIS LANE

Bowl Me Over: MBA Has 'Title All But Pinned

by SHAUN McFALL
MBA Varsity Bowling

Ah, bowling, the sport of Gods; or at least the ones I worship. The best and brightest bowlers on campus have arisen out of the ashes of an otherwise boring fall season to dominate all comers in shocking fashion on their way to a 15-0 record and a guaranteed number one seed in the all important state championship of bowling down in Smyrna this January. The Big Red Bowling Machine has rolled clean over all comers to the delight of the multitude of fans in attendance at each match. But how could such an awe-inspiring season come about? This question is one that I have pondered over many a nights. The answer, which I found only after hours of deep meditation, is the unbelievable athletic prowess of the team. When one glances down the roster, it becomes clear that it would be impossible to identify even one weak spot. Starting at the top, we have David "Jew Fro" Eskind, the captain and emotional leader of the team. David is known around the league for his dedication to the sport and his willingness to practice incessantly. During the team's intense practice sessions, David is often the first one on the lanes and the last to leave. David "Buy Another Ball" Bilhartz, has shown a responsible amount of junior leadership by serving as a mentor for the team's young phenom Rand "8* Grade is Fun" Woodson. Though Bilhartz has the finical means and often times the temptation to by a new ball every week, he exhibits a beautiful amount of restraint in his purchasing, standing as a role model of fiscal conservatism for young Rand. Then there is the contribution of one Clark "The Monk" Shell, whose teachings of Zen

Buddhism and other forms of relaxing meditation have brought the team to a new level of consciousness. One clear beneficiary of Clark's teachings is young Will "Over The Line" Freeman, who has learned through meditation to become one with the foul line. When I, an armchair bowler myself, observe the amazing skill demonstrated day in and day out by this team, I can still only wonder how they can be so good. In my quest for answers, I approached Scott "I Wear my Collar Up" Hagan, one of the most respected and feared bowlers in the league. Hagan has amassed over the course of the season an impressive 2-1 record against female competitors. Though this may not seem like much of a feat, it is well known in the world of bowling that there is no shame in losing to a girl. When I questioned Hagan about the secrets to success in bowling against a girl, his words were life changing. "When it gets to the point that you are shocked to have knocked down any pins at all and you have lost all hope, that is when you begin to bowl brilliantly." So remember kids, the key to bowling is all in self-confidence, and the lack thereof. But in the end, I guess I have learned that it all comes down to training. In a conversation I overheard between Commander Carr, the team's all-star coach, and Matt Smith, I heard the true secrets of proper bowling training. In Matt's words, "I like to light about six cigarettes and place them in the fan in my room and then sleep in the ambience I create." With such dedication combined with the brilliant military stratagems developed in the mind of one Commander Carr ("Bowl the ball straight."), it is no wonder that this MBA Bowling Team is the greatest sports team ever.



Bowling coach and Nader supporter Commander Peter "Kingpin" Carr



The Editor's favorite bowler, Democratic presidential candidate Matt Smith



Senior leadership provided by (L-R) Tony Camarata and Clark Shell



Senior bowler Jonathan Doerr and family celebrate the mighty Red Bowling Machine

The Bell Ringer will hold its next general-interest meeting for all writers and photographers after Exams. Watch second-semester announcements for details.

THE BELL RINGER
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The slickest bowling duds in 95 counties

MBA Presents: Aristophanes' *Acharnians*



The Fearsome Firm: Bennett Davidson and Eric Vasilevskis, whom the editor could easily beat up.



Comic authority figures Graham Coburn (Sergeant) and Johnny Mishu (Lamachos)



Free Masons meet the KKK in Chase Altenbern (Pseudartabas) who wins for Goofiest Costume



Brent Boyett looking dead sexy (as if he were capable of anything else)



Everitte Barbee (Xanthias) picks up chicks in coal mines or 80s music videos, we're not sure which. About him are Lauren Marcus (Chorus) and Rachel Howell (Chorus)



Sarah Denson (Wife), Zoe Stein (Chorus) and Hannah Menefee (Daughter) pose for the infamous and totally irresistible Tillman lens



Tommy Corts (Amphitheos) and his shiny gold cape reinforce some theater stereotypes



Jeff Eberle (Kephisophon), wayward slave and, ironically, ardent Trojans fan



Harris Hornbuckle (Eunuch) wishes he wasn't

ACHARNIANS

played in the Paschall Theater on December 4-7, 2003, to rave reviews. Featuring a cast of more than thirty members drawn from all six of MBA's grades, the MBA players took four huge and wildly receptive audiences through a 2,500-year-old anti-war comedy that still managed to send them home in stitches every night. This 75-minute symphony of slapstick and razor-sharp language was a testament to the skill of the Players and the leadership of director Mr. Malcolm Morrison.

MBA presents *The Foreigner* by Larry Shue at the end of February under the direction of Dr. Cal Fuller.

IN MEMORIAM

Nicholas Cage Caroland

MBA CLASS OF 2007

1988 - 2003



But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st;
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

(Shakespeare, Sonnet XVIII)

The Bell Ringer commemorates the life and memory of
Nick Caroland through the writing of his friends and teachers.

LEONARD EDWARDS '05: Clay and I have been friends since we were born, and with that friendship came the inevitable relationship with his brother Nicholas. I came to know very well that Nick always knew better than anyone I have ever encountered how to walk that fine line between being playful and being annoying. I remember I used to beat him up and bully him back at Ensworth almost every day to get him back for telling on me for something I had done the day before—usually beating him up or bullying him. I remember one day the courtyard was a huge mud pit after a heavy rain the night before, and by chance, Nick and I happened to be passing it at the same time. I started on a beeline toward him and at the last second he dodged, and as I turned around I managed to see him backpedaling, laughing in victory, and falling straight into the mud pit. He only laughed even harder at something that would have made any normal sixth-grader cry, but Nick was everything but typical. Looking back, I try to grasp memories that better reflect on Nick's amazing personality, but I realize it was the innumerable little moments that actually describe him best: his sarcastic voices, his infinite supply of nicknames for everyone, and the smile that never left his face. It is these moments that I now see I took for granted. Never once did I ever think to tell Nick how much of a friend he was to me. Never once did I ever think to express to Nick how much I cared for him. Never once in that group hug Matt Bubs and I shared with him every single day after 7th period Latin did it ever cross my mind to tell Nick how much I really loved him. Little did I realize that Friday was to be my last chance to hug Nicholas—and that I would give or do anything on God's earth to be able to again. I love you, Nick.

JO PALMORE, Chair, MBA English Department: Nicholas Caroland was a bright, enthusiastic, gregarious boy eager to learn. In his freshman English class, he often volunteered to answer tough questions and to diagram sentences on the board. What impressed me, however, was the way he reacted when he gave an incorrect answer or made a mistake in his diagram. He typically smiled, said, "Okay, I missed that one," and seemed to chalk up that error as one to avoid next time. For his first theme, I think he wrote at least four rough drafts as he worked sedulously to express his ideas as concisely and eloquently as possible. I will miss him.

ROB PHIPPS '07: Since I have known Nick - 7th grade - he has been one of my best friends. Whenever you were unhappy and needed to be cheered up, you could go to Nick. He was sure to put a smile on your face. Nick was probably the funniest kid I have ever met. Whether we were making videos of ourselves (mostly Nick), being stupid, or just in class, there was never a dull moment with him. One time at Nick's farm, we were clearing rocks for his dad and Nick went to dump a load of rocks, while Matt Crook and I waited at the top of the hill. We heard Nick screaming and we were sure he was in a fight with his dad. To make sure, we went down the hill to look. When we got to the bottom of the hill, we saw Nick on the tractor arguing with a cow. When Nick finally noticed we were there, he looked up with this big smile on his face. This is just one example of how Nick's wild sense of humor made the dulllest moment

funny. As I look back on our friendship, I can only think of how grateful I am that he was one of my best friends. I will miss all the times we would walk to Subway or go to Harding to throw lacrosse, and I will miss his big smile as he would make me laugh. But to think of all the great memories we had together, can not help but make me smile. Nick was a great friend, and he will be missed greatly. R.I.P. We love you.

CHASE ALTENBERN '07: I will remember Nick for the rest of my life; I will remember every day in lacrosse practice with Nick. He was the best player on the team. Every day he would make the boring line drills the best

part of my day because he was so funny. The lacrosse team and all the long-poles will miss him very much. Nick, I will miss you and I love you.

MATT GOLENER, MBA Math Teacher: Every day he would find me either around school or in practice and tell me some wild story. Sometimes it was true, often he would make it up just so that he could say one of my more common phrases: "That's some sweetness!" I never grew tired of his stories, and he never grew tired of telling them!

GENTRY SMITH '07: Nicholas was a great young man, friend, and role model. I will miss Nick more than I can express in words.

Nick and I weren't close outside of school, but we were pretty close in school. I had lots of classes with Nick, and as I look back on it, those were hands-down my best classes thanks to his enthusiasm, humor, and leadership. Nicholas and I were in Mr. Russ' homeroom and we got very close. I remember studying for exams for hours on end, cramming into the middle of the night. He made it so much easier. Nick would always be the life of morning shenanigans. He was a great guy; I looked up to him. I never heard him speak a mean word about anyone. He was the biggest, best, and most encouraging lacrosse team captain. He always made the most miserable practices fun. I will never forget Nicholas; I will always look up to him. Nick Caroland will be forever loved and missed. I love you, man.

MATT CROOK '07: Nick Caroland was a perfect guy. He could make anyone laugh if you were happy. He could make you feel better if you were sad. Nick was especially great to me sharing a tight brother-like bond. We could tell each other everything. Nick was the happiest, and funniest guy I knew. I know I will, and I hope we all, remember Nick forever.

CONNIE DICKERSON, Nick's Advisor: I only knew Nick a little bit. He was a new advisee for me this year, and I did not teach him in my classes. This is always a difficult situation, but there was nothing about Nicholas that I found difficult. He loved Air Heads and was always attentive during advisee meetings (something which is difficult for all of us). When I met with him one on one, he was so chatty and bright eyed. He made good grades. Sometimes I helped him with Latin. When I met with him the last time in my "office" on the top step of 2nd floor Carter, I asked him what he thought about exceeding his own academic goals (I will explain these goals in a minute). He said he had not seen his grades—so we looked at his grades and comments together. He was so proud. I asked him if he liked school, and he said "Yeah; I like knowing stuff." As for those goals I mentioned earlier, besides his "gentleman" goal of no demerits and his "athlete" goal of beating Father Ryan every time he played them, as a scholar, Nicholas wanted to have an 88 average. The other day when I was giving out mid-quarter grades, some of my guys (to whom I had told Nick's goals on Monday as a way to comfort them) were saying that they needed two points or four points or whatever. I asked them in my own way what they were doing. They told me that they were going to try to get Nick's average for him. Whoa. That blew me away. I am always touched by the boys I teach in profound ways. I know that his friends have been deeply grieved to lose my Nicholas because he seems to have been a source of real joy in their busy teenage lives so full of the chores of life. I have a special feeling of sadness and love for my advisees right now. I know that they care and that they are human and that some of them were Nick's very close friends. All I can do is love them. I have lost students before; I have never understood this lack of proper natural order. Now I have lost another one, and I will miss him. I absolutely believe in heaven, and I absolutely believe that Nicholas is extraordinarily happy and content. I am sure that my memories of him will bring the same feelings to me someday...such was his gift.

N.C.C. - Requiescat In Pace